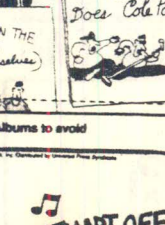
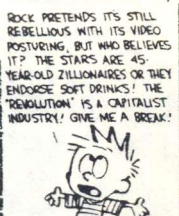
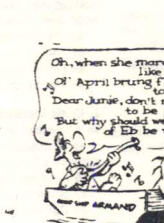


1 May
1992

APA-FILK

San Francisco is not really an American city. It is too European, too pretty. There's not enough aesthetic nausea there.

— Nathan P. Gardels, a former governor's adviser in California, saying that Los Angeles is now the "post modern" American city.





GAIL COLLINS: Some Questions You May Not Have Considered

Primary Primer

I. MULTIPLE CHOICE

- Chances are Bill Clinton will win the New York primary unless he...
 - Gets hit by a new financial scandal
 - Gets introduced to Sukhreet Gabel
 - Gets food poisoning from a bad cannoli
 - Gets endorsed by Ed Koch
- Gennifer Flowers says that when she and Clinton were alone, he used to call her:
 - Mam
 - Pookie
 - Hillary
 - Sammy the Bull
- Paul Tsongas dropped out of the campaign before the New York primary because:
 - He ran out of money
 - He was about to be unmasked as the father of Madonna's love child
 - He was tired of being compared to Elmer Fudd
 - He secretly hates ethnic food
- Even though Tsongas is no longer in the race, he is still:
 - Qualifying for federal revenue-sharing funds
 - Keeping his delegates to Democratic convention
 - In court fighting to get on the New York primary ballot
 - All of the above
- Jerry Brown says he and Clinton are now wrestling for:
 - Mario Cuomo's endorsement
 - Warren Beatty's endorsement
 - The last copy of the Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition
 - The soul of the Democratic Party
- Eugene McCarthy is on the Democratic ballot in New York, too. We haven't seen him since 1968, when he...
 - Was featured in the Jay and the Americans Nostalgia Tour
 - Had a guest role as Captain Picard's cranky uncle on "Star Trek"
 - Ran for president on the Consumer Party ticket
 - Worked as an official greeter at the Trump Palace Casino
- Larry Agran, another candidate in the New York Democratic presidential primary, is best known as...
 - The former one-term mayor of Irvine, Calif.
 - The guy who came in just ahead of Mario Cuomo in the Maine caucuses
 - A Democrat who has the backing of the New Alliance Party
 - The one who wrestled with Jerry Brown for the microphone during a debate in South Dakota
 - All of the above
- Campaigning for the labor vote in Michigan, George Bush proved American business is still competitive by pointing out that:
 - More and more consumers are looking for the "Made in the U.S.A." label when shopping for a new assault rifle
 - "Knots Landing" is the top-rated TV show in Paraguay
 - An American firm is the "No. 1 seller of artificial hips in Japan"
 - Three-quarters of all Russians would rather eat a Big Mac than have sex

The Candidates...



II. SPECIAL PROJECTS:

- Make a list of things you think David Duke can do with the rest of his life.
- Write a letter to Jerry Brown, inviting him to campaign in your neighborhood. Include information on important local issues and whether your living room sofa is a roll-out.
- Draw a picture of a "harbinger of economic recovery," including the colorful tail feathers.

III. MATCH:

- Paul Tsongas a) Worked with Mother Teresa in India.
- Bill Clinton b) Peace Corps volunteer in Ethiopia.
- Pat Buchanan c) Studied as Rhodes Scholar.
- Jerry Brown d) Represented U.S. in China.
- George Bush e) Assaulted cop in Washington.

IV. MIX, MATCH AND CREATE YOUR OWN CAMPAIGN HEADLINES:

| Col. A | Col. B | Col. C | Col. D |
|----------|--------|------------|--------------------------------------|
| Brown | Tells | Madonna | "Read my lips." |
| Clinton | Urges | The public | "Balance your checkbook." |
| Bush | Begs | Barbara | "Remember, I care." |
| Buchanan | Warns | Congress | "Watch your step." |
| Quayle | To | Saddam | "Identify your love child's father!" |

V. IDENTIFY THE QUOTES

- "I've been part of it. I acknowledge it. I know how corrupt and crooked it is. Will you forgive me?" This is what Jerry Brown says when people ask him about:
 - The candidate debates
 - The Jesuits
 - Fund-raising for the Democratic Party
 - The Linda Ronstadt years
- Mario Cuomo says any Democrat is electable as long as he's "decent, intelligent and isn't..."
 - Accustomed to hanging out with failed cabaret singers who can't spell their own names
 - Another Greek from Massachusetts
 - Still trying to pass a state budget
 - Carrying a dead body in a sack on his shoulder
- What was George Bush talking about when he said: "Yes, we want to see that furry-feathery guy protected and all that."
 - The spotted owl
 - A pander bear
 - The vision thing
 - The San Diego Chicken
 - Jerry Brown

ANSWERS:

1. I-C, 2-D, 3-A
1. I-B, 2-C, 3-E, 4-A, 5-D
1. I-you choose, 2-B, 3-A, 4-D, 5-D, 6-C, 7-E, 8-C

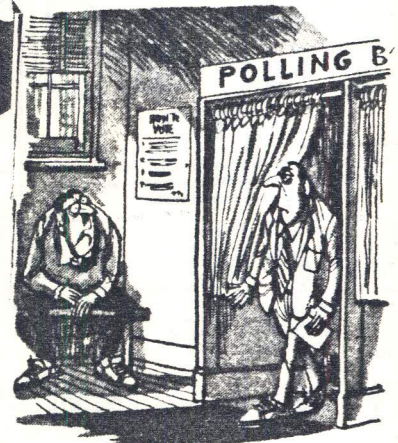


Buchanan's No Fascist

Patrick Buchanan is a racist, a sexist and an anti-Semite. Yet his detractors call him a fascist. Fascism, however, has more to do with money and power than racism, and President George Bush has more to do with money and power than either of his Republican challengers.

Buchanan and Duke are dangerous racists. But fascism begins with a leader whose only concern is satisfying the immoral interests of his power base.

Robert Nolan
Freeport



"You realize you're only encouraging them?"

VOTERS AND VOTING

Median age of an American voter: 45

Chances that a college-educated American who did not vote will claim to have done so: 1 in 2

Chances that a high-school dropout who did not vote will claim to have done so: 1 in 5

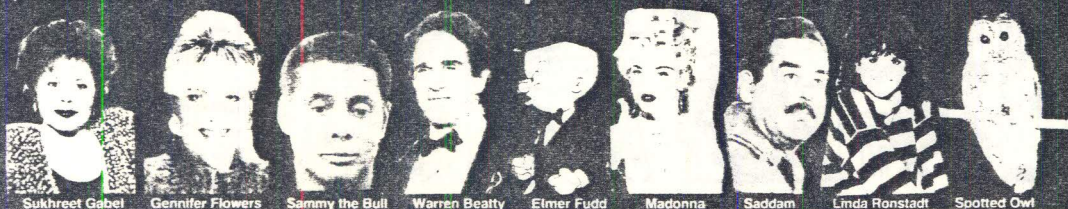
Number of presidential elections since 1964 in which the Democratic candidate won a majority of the white vote: 0

Chances that a Republican in 1955 was a white Southerner: 1 in 10

Chances in 1988: 1 in 4

Number of write-in votes in the 1985 Boise, Idaho, mayoral election for Mr. Potato Head: 4

Quiz Kids: From Sukhreet...to Elmer...to a Spotted Owl

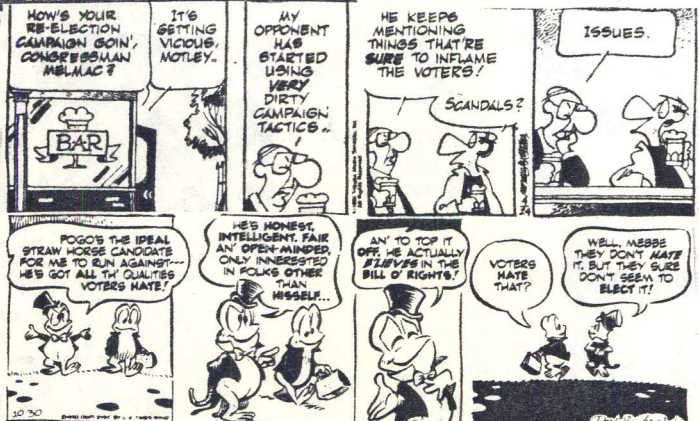


WITH WHICH CANDIDATE WILL NEW YORKERS MOST IDENTIFY?

- WARM
- FRIENDLY
- PERSONABLE
- GRACIOUS
- MANNERLY



- RUDE
- SURLY
- BELLIGERENT
- SUSPICIOUS
- PRICKLY
- PARANOID



ANAKREON

#54, APA-FILK Mailing #54

1 May 1992

THE MAN WITHOUT A PLANET

or

THE COSMONAUT WHO NEVER RETURNED

written to the tune of "The Man Who Never Returned", also known as "Charlie on the M. T. A."*, by the LunaCon Parody Workshop, under the direction of Roberta Rogow, on the evening of Friday 20 March 1992 at the 1992 Lunacon.

1. Let me tell you the story of a man named Sergei
Who set out to reach the stars.
He got into his capsule, blasted into orbit,
And left what was the U. S. S. R.

CHORUS: And did he ever return? No, he never returned,
And his fate is still unlearned. (Poor Seryozha!)
He may ride forever in the Mir Space Station -
He's the man who never returned!

2. So all summer long Sergei circled the planet,
And he watched the world go by.
There were coups and secessions and a general election,
And he kissed his re-entry goodbye.

CHORUS:

3. So he called Baikonur and he asked for assistance:
"Can you bring me down by beam?"
And they called back Sergei and said, "We can't help you;
"We're no longer a Unified Team!"

CHORUS:

4. So all winter long they ferried provisions
To keep poor Sergei alive.
They sent fresh caviar and plenty of vodka
And some borshch to feed the drive.

CHORUS:

* - For further information about this song see page 5.

5. And Mission Control was asked by Sergei,
 "What's become of my army pay?"
 And they told the cosmonaut not to worry,
 "For the ruble just collapsed today!"

CHORUS:

6. The Yanks had a plan that would vary his diet
 And get Sergei off that craft.
 Just ask him to defect and we'll take him to McDonald's,
 But Sergei thought that plan was daft.

CHORUS:

7. So Sergei asked, "Why can't I re-enter,
 "And land in Kazakhstan?"
 They said, "We checked and you're carrying vodka,
 "And that goes against the Koran!"

CHORUS:

8. Then Sergei said, "Can I come home, someday?"
 "I am so lonely, please?"
 And they said, "Not to worry, 'cause we heard your spacecraft
 "Was just bought by the Japanese!"

CHORUS:

9. So Yuri looked down from his place in orbit,
 And said, "Hey, I think it's great.
 "If it's not Soviet and it's not a Union,
 "I'm an independent state!"

LAST CHORUS: And I'll never return, no I'll never return,
 And my fate will be unlearned!
 I will ride forever in my own space station,
 I'm the man who never returned!

The LunaCon Parody Workshop took place during the first evening of LunaCon, as about 20 people put together a filksong of their own. The theme was suggested by Robert Rogow, in honor of Sergei Krikalov, who had gone into orbit in the Mir Space Station in May 1991, back when there was still a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR*). While he was up there, the Soviet Union vanished from under him, and since the landing site at Baikonur is in Kazakhstan rather than Russia, there were some questions about how to bring him down. The answers were merely postponed in October when Aleksandr Volkov was sent up to join him. Volkov is a Ukrainian, and there is some doubt now as to whether he is even a cosmonaut. (William J. Broad, New York Times, 25 March 1992)

By the time of Lunacon, Krikalev's plight had become a subject for humor by political commentators. The tune was obvious, and we had fun putting the verses together. Verse 3 is my creation; so was verse 5, and the ultimate solution to poor Seryozha's dilemma was mine, though verse 9

(continued on p. 5)

* - It has been suggested that the initials ought to be "UFFR" for "Union of Fewer and Fewer Republics".

ASIMOV IN FILK

The death of Isaac Asimov on 6 April 1992 took from among us a man with a marvelous sense of humor, which appeared in him personally and in his enormous output of science fiction, science popularizations, and s-f criticism. Six days ago, in DAGON #435, I printed a general memorial to Isaac. But in ANAKREON it is appropriate to recall Asimov's delight in filksinging, and his occasional venture into this, as into every other field of authorship.

CAMPBELLLOT

(Tune: "Camelot")

Isaac was one of the many science-fiction writers developed by John W. Campbell Jr. in his Astounding Science Fiction in the 1940s. Several years ago, at a s-f convention in Philadelphia, I sang the verse to the right to him, and he was greatly amused by it.

Isaac was himself a great fan of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and Sullivan's tunes are eminently filkable. He even filked himself, in the Gilbertian cadences of "The Foundation of S. F. Success," which he wrote in 1954, and which appeared in F&SF in that year. Its tune is "Bunthorne's Song" from Patience. Bunthorne, a parody of Oscar Wilde, instructs the audience that "If you're anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line as a man of culture rare, You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere..."

Each issue has another Heinlein story,
The Doc Smith novels often had a plot.
De Camp was scouting Krishnan territory
In Campbellot!
When Lewis Padgett's doorknob started winking,
And Asimov cribbed Gibbon for a plot.
And Sturgeon with his skulls,
And van Vogt with his Rulls,
Left everybody thinking there was
nought - like - Campbellot!

Since my wife "straightened up" my workroom a couple of months ago, I cannot locate the text of some of the Asimovian filk. Even as seasoned an Asimov scholar as Elyse Rosenstein was unaware of "The Foundation of S. F. Success", which apparently has not been printed in any of Asimov's incredibly numerous books. In his autobiography he quotes its second verse, which pokes fun at his "Foundation" stories:

So success is not a mystery, just brush up on your history, and
borrow day by day,
Take an Empire that was Roman and you'll find it is at home in
the starry Milky Way,
With a drive that's hyperspatial, through the parsecs you will
race, you'll find that plotting is a breeze,
With a tiny bit of cribbin' from the works of Edward Gibbon, and
that Greek, Thucydides."

About 30 years ago, at meetings of the CCNY science-fiction club ("Sci-Fi", as it was popularly called), Randall Garrett used to amuse us by singing the plot of Asimov's The Caves of Steel, to the tune of "She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain". This one has since achieved print in one of the Westerfilk collections, I believe.

Fans should continue to filk Asimov's stories; it is an appropriate way to honor his memory. The filking should be done in Gilbertian verse to Sullivan's music, as a tribute to his love of and expertise in these operettas.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

APA-Filk is a quarterly amateur press association by and for filk-singers. It is collated and published on the first day of each February, May, August and November by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302. APA-Filk was founded on 1 February 1979 by Robert Bryan Lipton. The collating date of the 55th Mailing will be Saturday 1 August 1992.

The copy count for APA-Filk is 50. To receive APA-Filk by mail, just send in a few dollars. In "The Ministry of Finance", elsewhere in this issue of ANAKREON, I give the current state of these accounts.

ANAKREON also goes to everyone who receives my science-fiction and fantasy fanzine DAGON, which circulates through APA-Q.

This 54th Mailing, like the 53rd, has a collage cover of my own design. The back cover is a concert announcement from Mike Agranoff. Although it arrived too late to make it likely that any readers of APA-Filk #54 will be able to attend, the idea on voting for different stamp designs still makes it worth circulating.

Jersey Flats #25 (Rogow): If the ChiCon hotel reminded you of Caves of Steel, what did you think of the 1992 Lunacon hotel? "And He Built a Crooked House"?

ANAKREON #53 (me): The song poking fun at the Germans' inclination, in the 1930s, to blame everything on the Jews, was written not by Noel Coward but by a German satirist. (Thanks to Dave Schwartz for pointing this out.) Coward, of course, was famous for his biting wartime satire "Let's Don't Be Beastly to the Germans."

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

As of 27 April 1992, the balances of people who get APA-Filk by mail are:

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------|-----------------|----------|
| Steve Brinich | +\$8.99 | Matthew Marcus | +\$11.78 |
| Mike Browne | +42¢ | Pete Seeger | +\$11.83 |
| Harold Groot | +\$1.90 | Beverly Slayton | +\$1.12 |
| Cecilia Hatlestad | +\$5.51 | Mike Stein | +\$7.61 |
| Rennie Levine | +\$25.54 | Peter Thiesen | +\$12.24 |
| Cheryl Lloyd | +81¢ | Sol Weber | +\$3.86 |
| J. Spencer Love | +\$9.71 | | |

In addition, Mike Agranoff, Brian Burley, Albert A. Nofi, and Roberta Rogow receive complimentary copies of APA-Filk. The accounts of the following people are combined with their APA-Q accounts and listed in APA-Q: Mark Blackman, Robert Bryan Lipton, Lois Mangan, Jeff Poretsky, and Jane T. Sibley. The space to the right gives the balance in your account, including costs of sending out this present 54th Mailing. APA-Filk accounts will be suspended if they fall into arrears, if the recipient requests it, or if copies come back in the mail. Presently suspended accounts are:

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|---------|---------------------------|------|----------------|---------|
| Harry Andruschak | -14¢ | Leslie Lyons | -49¢ | Kathy Sands | -12¢ |
| Greg Baker | -91¢ | Randall McDougall | -65¢ | Karen Shaub | -73¢ |
| Sally & Barry Childs-Helton | -74¢ | Margaret Middleton | -74¢ | Elliot Shorter | -\$2.00 |
| Sean Cleary | -38¢ | Doreen Miller | -2¢ | Nick Simichich | -69¢ |
| Gerald Collins | -10¢ | Dena Mussaf | -87¢ | Glenn Simser | -54¢ |
| Paul Doerr | -50¢ | Deirdre & Jim Rittenhouse | -15¢ | Dana Snow | -15¢ |
| Bob Fitch | +50¢ | Michael Rubin | -82¢ | Rick Weiss | -\$1.25 |
| Mistie Joyce | +\$6.86 | | | Paul Willett | -\$1.23 |

POOR OLD CHARLIE

In the strictest definition of the term, the song various known as "The M. T. A. Song", "Charlie on the M. T. A.", and "The Man Who Never Returned" is not a folk song. It was written in 1949 by Jacqueline Steiner and Bess Hawes, and is copyright 1956 in its present version by Atlantic Music Company. The tune is a recognizable variant of "The Wreck of the Ol' 97".

However, it also possesses many elements of the traditional folk song. It was written in response to a specific crisis - the 1948 increase in the fare of Boston's Municipal Transit Authority from 10¢ to 15¢! At a time when the New York City subway fare is \$1.25 and threatening to rise again, and Washington's is even higher, the concern over a mere nickel seems ridiculous, but it was a very real matter amidst the prices and wages of 1948. Furthermore, the passenger was supposed to pay the usual dime upon boarding the subway train, and another nickel upon leaving it. Not expecting this additional fare, poor Charlie had to "ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston, He's the man who never returned."

And it was more than a protest folksong, satirizing the rich and powerful; it was a campaign song. In 1949 Walter F. O'Brien ran for Mayor of Boston on the Progressive Party ticket, pledged to reverse the fare increase. (This isn't done any more; our mayoral candidates in New York City merely pledge not to raise the fare too high and too soon.) Originally, the

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it is a scandal,
That the people have to pay and pay?
Fight the fare increase, vote for Walter O'Brien,
Get Charlie off the M. T. A.

last verse had the form to the left. The third line was

eventually emended to "Fight the fare increase, fight the fare increase," because as originally recorded the "song made a hero out of a local 'radical.'" (Thus the notes to the song, in Reprints from Sing Out, edited by Irwin Silber, Pete Seeger, and Jerry Silverman, and published by Sing Out! magazine in 1959.)

The Progressive Party was the electoral vehicle for Henry A. Wallace's 1948 presidential campaign, which was based on the assumption that the American voter would prefer peace to war, and most especially didn't want a war, hot or cold, against the Soviet Union. One of his campaign slogans was "Wallace or war!", and, sure enough, the public that rejected Wallace in November 1948 got its war in June 1950. The Progressive Party ran the veteran San Francisco civil liberties lawyer Vincent Hallinan for the presidency in 1952 but then ceased to exist.

But the O'Brien campaign song persisted. Versions of it seem to surface whenever a governmental body tried to pull some more than commonly stupid or oppressive stunt on the public.

THE MAN WITHOUT A PLANET (continued from p. 2)

was put together by others.

The end to Krikalov's problem was not long in coming. Five days after we wrote this song in his honor, he and Volkov were brought down to earth at Baikonur. They had indeed sent vodka and caviar up to the cosmonaut in orbit, which adds new meaning to the term "high living". He landed in Kazakhstan, and apparently the diplomatic problems involved in this landing were dwarfed by bigger ones what it was revealed that two Soviet nuclear weapons, once stored on Kazakh territory, now seem to be

in Iranian hands!

"Mir", the name of the Soviet Space Station, is an involved pun in Russian. It means "peace", it also means "world", and it is also a name for a peasant commune in the old days.

During the actual session at LunaCon, somehow the impression got about that Krikalov's name was "Yuri". The original draft of the song used that name, before Roberta and I realized independently, a few days later, that "Sergei" is correct.

GRACELESS NOTES

What originally looked like a rather meager issue of APA-Filk was improved late on the afternoon of 1 May, when we came home from seeing My Cousin Vinnie* to find, attached to our front door, contributions from Rennie Levine, Mike Browne, and Mordecai Housman. Added to contributions that had already come in from Roberta Rogow and Mark Blackman, it makes a quite respectably sized Mailing.

Rennie Levine has included her notorious song "The Chocolate Eclair", which she sang to great delight and consternation, at the same workshop at which "The Man Without a Planet" was composed.

* Included in this Mailing is also an announcement of ConCertino, which will take place on the weekend of 19-21 June in Westboro, Massachusetts. I have promised Lois Mangan that I will be there, and I am now looking for a ride for the weekend from New York City. Anyone who is going up that way, and has space in the car, should call me at 718-693-1579 and we can make arrangements.

A couple of weeks ago there arrived in the mail an announcement of two concerts by Mike Agranoff. Unfortunately, they are for the weekend of 1-2 May, and this Mailing will not go out in time to carry the news to its readers. However, the format of the announcement, and the parody of the vote on the Elvi* Presley stamp**, make it well worth including.

With a few exceptions, national anthems are not among the best songs in the world, either for words or for music. Our own is virtually unsingable, Germany's is ponderous, and most of the Latin American countries seem to have quick-step marches that would sound better as high school fight songs. And the later verses of a lot of national anthems abandon sentiments of love of country for invective against vaguely perceived and usually unidentified enemies.

0 Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
God save us all.

The second verse of "God Save the Queen", printed to the left, is an example of such verses. It has by now been dropped as inappropriate to the conditions of the present day. Our own national anthem has a similar verse, the one that begins "And where is the band who so vauntingly swore.."

It has also been dropped from common usage, although this may be just a part of the general neglect of the later verses. As the old joke has it:

* - It's a hilarious film which I strongly recommend, a film that shows that the courtroom comedy is inexhaustible as an art form. It also has a head-on collision between Brooklyn and Alabama, which Brooklyn wins decisively.

** - I would not be surprised if more people voted in the election on the design of the Presley stamp, than will both to vote for president in November.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"An American."

"Step forward and repeat the second verse of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"I don't know it."

"Pass, American!"

This moment of truth has now come to "La Marseillaise", which, except for a few periods of royalist reaction, has been the national anthem of France since its composition by Captain Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle on 25 April 1792. He originally called it "The War Hymn of the Army of the Rhine", commemorating the successful defeat of a German invasion designed to restore the monarchy. It proved very popular with the troops from Marseilles as they marched to the relief of Paris a few months later, which is how it got its present name.

What caused the desire for change was the singing of "La Marseillaise" was its singing, by a ten-year-old girl, Severine Dupelloux, at the opening ceremony of the Winter Olympics at Albertville on 8 February. "Suddenly, the contrast between the innocence of her unaccompanied words

Entendez-vous dan les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes.
....Qu'un sang impur abreuve
nos sillons!

and the ferocity of the words - subtitled for the benefit of foreign television viewers - seemed too much. 'How can one call out "To Arms!" in an Olympic Stadium?' Charles Ferauge, a retired fire department general, asked." (Alan Riding, New York Times, 5 March 1992)

In addition, the snide remarks about "sang impur" ("tainted blood") plays right into the hands of the nativist nuts who now in France are trying to drum up hatred for immigrants. Armand Thuisir, another retired firefighter, has substituted the following words for Rouget de Lisle's:

Allons, enfants de la patrie
Chantons en chœur la liberté.
Liberté, liberté chérie.
Tes remparts sanglants sont tombés.
Tes remparts sanglants sont tombés.
Être français, ah! Quelle chance!
Soyons fiers de notre drapeau
Un jour sur la terre de France
Tous les droits choisirent leur
berceau.

This, of course, has not gone without opposition from the same sort of patriotic nuts who have resisted changes in the words of our own national anthem, or even the prospect of changing it for another, less militaristic song. There is now a "Committee for the Defense of the Marseillaise", which does not actually defend the sanguinary words, but pleads for the sanctity of tradition, that fetish which is invoked whenever someone wants to maintain in place an ancient evil.

Ensemble, citoyens
Marchons main dans la main.
Chantons, chantons,
Que nos chansons
Fassent taire tous les canons.

Despite the attacks now being made on the very concept, I am flatly describing and recommending such steps as being politically correct.

Those would would rather be incorrect are, of course, free to identify themselves that way.

Patriotism is the principal cause of war. It is for this reason that I do not sing the national anthem, and can only rarely be persuaded to stand for it - an action which I refer to as "straightening the knee in the house of Rimmon," sending people to 2 Kings 5:18 for further infor-

YESTERFILK

XXII. Back to the Basics

A lot of the wealthy and powerful in this country are probably sighing with relief at the fall of the Soviet Union. This is because they have a view of the world which sees radical political and economic suggestions as the work of a negligible handful of malicious malcontents from outside our national traditions. Having a "Great Red Menace" thousands of miles away has been a convenient way to dismiss as negligible any suggestion that there is danger to their power.

Current events in Los Angeles may have shaken this complacency, since there is no plausible way of blaming the riots on anything except the reaction of the people of that city to the exoneration of the police thugs we all saw beating a prostrate victim on videotape. And there is an old tradition of radicalism completely within the Anglo-American political mainstream. The English Revolution, after all, triumphed 271 years before the Russian Revolution did, and its effects are still with us.

The most extreme radicals of the English Revolution were the Diggers, a sect which opposed not only the extortionate taxes of the Stuart kings but also the extortionate rents of the landlords of their day. They wanted to put land into production, despite the landlords' interests, and they did so without bothersome inquiries into who "owned" it. They were called the Diggers; their leader was Gerrard Winstanley, who was an extreme democrat of the type then called "Leveller". Oliver Cromwell's government, already facing strong pressure from the Royalists on what would now be called the "Right", had no use for dissentients on the "Left", and suppressed them. Many Diggers, including Winstanley, eventually became Quakers.

In the 21 September 1991 issue, the 46th, of his gaming fanzine Upstart, Garrett Schenck reprinted an old Digger song. It was originally written by Leon Rosselson, and its tune and title is "The World Turned Upside Down" - the same tune that was played in 1781 at Yorktown, when a British army surrendered to General Washington's Continental Army and its French allies, bringing an end to British dominion in this country.

The World Turned Upside Down

In 1649 in St. George's Hill,
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the people's will.
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws,
They were the dispossessed a-claiming what was theirs.

We come in peace, they said, to dig and sow.
We come to work the land in common and to make the wasteland grow.
This earth divided, we will make whole,
So it can be a common treasury for all.

The sin of property we do disdain,
No one has any right to buy and sell the earth for private gain.
By theft and murder, they took the land,
Now everywhere the walls rise up at their command.

They make the laws to chain us well.
The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell.
We will not worship the god they serve,
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor men starve.

We work, we eat together, we need no swords.
 We will not bow to masters or pay rent to the lords.
 We are free, though we are poor,
 You Diggers all stand up for glory, stand up now.

From the men of property the orders came,
 They sent the hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claim.
 Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn.
 They were dispersed, only the vision lingers on.

You poor take courage, you rich take care.
 The earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share
 All things in common, all people one.
 We come in peace, the order came to cut them down.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 7)

mation.

Roberta Rogow's Futurespeak is reviewed by Baird Searles in the new June 1992 issue of Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine (IASFM). Searles writes that its "major attraction, for me, is the inclusion of words and terms that SF has built up within the literature," such terms, for example, as "FTL" for "faster than light", or "terraforming". However, Searles is of the opinion that "maybe too much computer jargon is used in SF these days."

I haven't seen the book yet, but am wondering whether such esoteric initials as "btm", "K-S", or "QX" are included.

A brief phone call from Mark Blackman supports my vague recollection that Randall Garrett wrote a folksong with the plot of Isaac Asimov's The Caves of Steel. It is contained in Taking Off, a collection of Garrett's works.

Isaac also wrote "Clone of My Own", to the tune of "Home on the Range", which appears in several filk collections. Mark also informed me of an Asimov creation called "Matching Pajamas", to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda". ("You'll take off matching pajamas with me...")

The term "moggie", for an elderly, decrepit cat, is a Britishism that has not caught on in America. However, this may change if the filk process has anything to say about it. There is a mournful song, heard at some conventions' filksinging sessions, about of all things road kill. It is called "Nobody's Moggie", and laments the fate of a moggie that has a fatal encounter with a truck on a highway. This is

At the 1992 Lunacon there was, in its turn, a filk of "Nobody's Moggie". It is "Samurai Moggie", and tells what happens when a carelessly driven truck encounters the notorious Samurai Cat, whose adventures began in science fiction convention art shows, and have since spread to portfolios and even fiction. As you might expect, the formidable warrior Samurai Cat does in the truck that demolished his fellow feline.

O At
 P Great
 E Intervals
 R This
 A Appears
 T To
 I Inflamm
 O Optic
 N Nerves

Whatever song may be our national anthem, idolators will continue to demand that it be accorded ritual res-

1701

pect. Even President Bush stooped from the smashing of nations to object when, in his opinion, Roseanne then-Barr now-Arnold sung "The Star-Spangled Banner" improperly.

This was brought home to the athlete Mike Powell after he broke the long-jump record last September. (Pete Coutros, New York Post, 7 September 1991) After clearing 8.95 meters, he was honored by the playing of the national anthem - and didn't remove a promotional hat from the Foot Locker footwear company. There was an unbelievable amount of clamor made over this, and it wasn't exactly reduced by Powell's casual remark that "I'm surprised people are making a big deal over it." He then promised never to make such a mistake again.

It could have been worse. The next time you attend a professional baseball game, or watch one on television, observe the players during the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner". They not only remove their caps, but some of them actually bow their heads.

*

The Wail Songs 1992 catalog includes announcements of up-coming filksong conventions. One of them, ConCerto, originally scheduled for 19-21 June in Cherry Hill, NJ, has been cancelled. ConCertino, for which a flier is included in this Mailing, and at which I hope to see many of you, is substituting for it. (ANAKREON readers who don't get APA-Filk or APA-Q may write for information to Gary McGath, #138, 84 Washington St., Penacook, NH 03303.)

Also listed by Wail Songs are Conchord, which will take place in Los Angeles in October, and the Ohio Valley Filk Fest, to be held in Columbus later in the fall. Respective addresses are Joe Bethancourt, 13261 Donegal Dr., Garden Grove, CA 92644 and P. O. Box 211101, Upper Arlington, OH 43221.

*

Not long after the end of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, a rebel officer was invited to a concert of army songs, sung by Union soldiers. The succession of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", "The Battle Cry of Freedom", "We Are Coming, Father Abraham", "Marching through Georgia", and other such songs overwhelmed the rebel. "No wonder you won," he is supposed to have said, "with songs like that." All the rebels had was music hall catches like "Dixie" and "Eatin' Goober Peas", and such an embarrassingly frank defense of slavery as "The Bonnie Blue Flag".

ANAKREON #54

John Boardman

234 East 19th Street

Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302

FIRST CLASS MAIL

JERSEY FLATS #27May 1992

Roberta Rogow, PO Box 1124, Fair Lawn NJ 07410

BOOK NEWS

I'll get the inevitable questions out of the way first: How's "FutureSpeak" doing? According to the printout I was sent, they (Paragon House) printed 5,000 of them of which 750 went to a book club, and 600 or so went to wholesalers. I bought 75 myself. So, about 1/3 of the run has been sold in the first six month, which does not put me on the best-seller list, but does not make the book a total flop either. And I just saw the review that is going to run in Asimov's SF, which says nice things, and doesn't mention the omissions or misspellings. Latest development is that I am being allowed to change certain entries, and may be able to rectify some of the more flagrant omissions that were pointed out to me by BNF's who were bigger than me (and I do NOT just mean in Fandom, either!).

CAR WARS

My car went on the fritz for the last time, and I have palmed "Yehudi", the 13-year-old Toyota off on my daughter Louise. Thanks to a marvelous set of coincidences, I have acquired "LadyHawke", a 1984 Buick Skyhawk with a mere 80,000 miles on her, and at a very advantageous price. So now I have a small car with a large trunk that is not rusting away under my feet and gets 37 miles to the gallon. One of these days I will actually make some major money and get a car that is made in the same decade in which I purchase it.

FAMILY HEALTH

At about the time I sent in the last Jersey Flats I got the news that my mother, Shirley Winston, had uterine cancer. This sent me scurrying to my own gynecologist, and also kept us in a tizzy until she was operated on on March 10. All is well; the growth, while malignant, had been caught before it got too big for its cells, and except for some radiation therapy, the various medical advisors are pronouncing her Cured. She and my father went folk dancing at their favorite hideaway over the Easter/Passover weekend. There are times when medical technology is definitely worth the effort, and this is one of them. Quite apart from being my mother, Shirley is also my co-editor on "Beyond...Science Fiction and Fantasy", and a lot of people are grateful for her help and guidance in their efforts.

CONVENTIONS

Spring is the Convention season, and I've been busy, busy, busy.

Star Trek Atlantic City...A first attempt at bringing a TrekCon to South Jersey. Between the extensive advertising and the dearth of Cons since Thanksgiving, this one was packed. Atlantic City is NOT the place to be in January! I had to drive down after work...find the motel in the dark...schlepp my stuff around through the front door, since the loading dock was shut. There were over a hundred dealers at that Con.

The promoters (no, NOT Creation...Creation would have been more organized!) had sold the hotel on the Con by promising 6,000 people. And they got them, all right...all at once! To the point where one of the floors had to be shut down because of structural stress...leaving half the Con stuck on the 4th floor, and the other half standing around waiting to get their precious autographs. And I got a cheap table, all right, but the crowd was so utterly Mundane that I had to explain what I was selling before I could sell it.

Creation Con New York, President's Weekend...A lot of huxters are getting fed up with them Creation types, which means more room for me...I got two tables on the main selling floor, so I could put out ALL my stock...and sold a lot of it, too. LeVar Burton ran into weather problems flying into New York, which meant he got in VERY late...a lot of fans were upset about that one. However, the Trekkies were out in force for him and Nichelle Nichols.

LunaCon...or, "The Moebius Hilton Strikes Again"...you're going to hear a LOT about that hotel, especially if the LunaCon is held there again next year. By that time we may have figured out its floor plan, which is only understandable if you have a 3-D set-up. The only way to find anything is to ignore the room numbers...they'll only confuse you.

I had to drive up after work, which meant trying to find the place in the dark. By the time I'd had a tour of lovely Westchester County, I decided to put my car (not "LadyHawke yet, alas) into the Valet parking, since there was no way I was going to haul my gear up hill and down dale through the parking lots. I got squared away with my roomies and shoved some stuff onto Devra Langsam's table before I was due to be on the "Parody Workshop" panel with Rennie Levine.

We bashed the subject around a lot, and then got into the "hands-on" part...I took a theme from the daily news, namely, that poor schnook who went up to the Mir Space Station last July and found his country vanished out from under him when the Soviet Union dissolved. For this there could only be one tune..."The Man Who Never Returned"...which was itself a parody of "The Wreck of the Old 97, the Train that Never Returned". And for all I know THAT was a parody, too!

With everyone throwing verses around, we came up with a ditty that had much success at the concert the following day...only we somehow thought the guy's name was Yuri. It's Sergei, but it still scans...I intend to print it in REC-ROOM RHYMES #9.

Bill Sutton and wife came to the Bardic Circle Filk, which was good, because I got to hear them....

I sat on the "History of Filk" panel, and spent most of the rest of the day in the Dealer's Room selling stuff for Poison Pen Press...and then I ate the Hot Dog that Bit Back. I keep doing theses, and the results are always catastrophic. In this case, the Dog Bit Back just after I finished my set in the Filk Concert...and I spent the next two hours dealing with it.

I managed to sit in on at least one other filk circle, but by that time I was exhausted... And just as I left on Sunday, it started to snow.

Balticon.... I must have picked up some kind of bug at LunaCon, because for the next month I was struck with a hacking cough. The only thing worse than a filker with a cough is a costumer with the runs.

I took "LadyHawke" to her first Con, and she behaved beautifully. 500 miles on 15 gallons of gas...not bad.

Once again I was put on a filk panel practically as soon as I checked in. The problem here was that Easter and Passover coincided, so a lot of prosepentine panelists were at the Seder. I had done my religious duty the night before (so it's not official... so sue me!), so I held forth with Crystal Hagel on "What is this thing called Filk", and with Nina Boal on "Opera as Alternate History"...which was a lot of fun, her and me and five other people in the room.

Since the Filk Concert was Friday Night instead of Saturday, I decided to give my costuming one more shot...and presented "The Demon Irs, or The Tax Agent From Hell"... purple knitted and crocheted outfit, beaded and sequinned, with horns, tail, trident with Form 1040 taped to it, and a cape with IRS worked into it in sequins. I won a Workmanship Award for the needlework, and got a huge belly-laugh from the audience.

The Friday Filk Concert...chalk another one up to the ConCom...they scheduled the Clam Chowder concert right before it. Only Clam Chowder is VERY popular, and they were taking request after request, for charity. And I was supposed to do 15 minutes, and there was a room full of people at 9:30 when the concert was supposed to start. So what could I do? I sang...and sang...and sang. I went straight through REC-ROOM RHYMES #9, and took a few requests. By the time the actual concert started, I was exhausted! And then I started coughing again *sigh*cough*sigh*

The BaltiCon Committee really outdid themselves when it came to scheduling. They put the "Family in Star Trek" panel (with me, Ann Crispin, and some others) in the Hunt Valley Lobby, an area that is used as a general gathering-place. And they scheduled the air-brush demonstration in the same lobby! Things got a tad testy. The Gripe Session heard about that one!

By the time I had gotten out of costume, found something to drink, gotten my guitar and songbooks, and gotten downstairs to filking, it was well after midnight. I sat in on the Circle in time to do two songs, and felt the cough starting again. You can at least listen with a sore throat, but a cough is too distracting, especially the bronchial wheeze I was producing. I had to take myself out of there. So I missed Duane Elms AGAIN!

Upcoming Cons? I've got MediaWest in May...and I'll be at ConCertino in June. After which it's Shore Leave, TrekCon, and WorldCon...

ASSORTED REVIEWS

TV ... The latest effort at "human cop/robot cop" is called "Mann And Machine". It has possibilities. The Man is Bobby Mann, who looks like "Quantum Leap"'s Al gone punkish. He's oh-so-macho--haven't they learned ANYTHING yet? The Machine is Eve, who is stronger than her partner with an IQ of a thousand or so, and the mental age of seven. The scripts are witty, but the action is slam-bang, and the general ambience is warmed-over "BladeRunner".

Books...I've gotten hooked on several series. There's William Forstchen's "Lost Regiment" books...a Civil War Regiment (Northern side) gets sucked into another world via the Bermuda Triangle, and winds up rebuilding their old lives...only there's another sentient species on the planet that treats humans as "cattle". Other societies may accept being eaten...but Vankees emphatically do NOT. And they have the skills to devise rifles, cannon, engines, ironclads... and eventually, aircraft! They also convince the other peoples to join them in their fight...so far there are three novels in the series, and there has to be at least one more, because Forstchen left the Regiment abandoning their settlements and making a strategic withdrawal from their main town. And the main leader of the Horde has just been killed.... Wait till next year!

Another good series is "Hawk and Fisher", by Simon Green. This one is a cross-genre...cops in a Fantasy Universe. Gods and Magic in a "Film Noir" setting. For once there is a working city government, and Hawk and his wife Fisher are two honest cops who try to clean up the joint. The books are fun, and fast reading.

There's another in Lindsey Davis's series about the Informer, Marcus Didius Falco. She's set them in Rome of Vespasian's time...VERRRY interesting. (I think you've figured out...I like cross-genres).

UPCOMING WRITING

I've got a few irons in the fire...

I've written (and been paid for!) an article in Writer's Digest, "Exploring the Fanzine Market". Well, even if you don't get paid, you do get READ, and these days, that's enough for a lot of writers. And you get the experience, which is sometimes more valuable than the cash.

One of the reasons I go to LunaCon is the possibility of running into someone who is looking for material...I ran into Marvin Kaye, who is looking for material for one of his anthologies. So I sent him a story called "I Am a Fine Musician,..." which just may get used. I call it "money in the bank". If he uses it, fine.

And there's also the anthology of "Quantum Leap" stories that is being prepared, which I have collected...whether it gets any farther depends on a lot of factors that I have no control over, so I don't want to say too much about it.

UPCOMING FANZINES

Also known as ShamelessPlug.....

I'm not including any of my current filk in the APA because I'm putting together another REC-ROOM RHYMES, which, with any luck, should be out for ConCertino. After I did "FutureSpeak" I got a sort of brain-fog, and didn't really write anything. Then inspiration hit, and I did a whole lot of stuff (most of which I sang at BaltiCon in my private concert). And I got a few other items, including some more of Dan Crawford's madnessess, and the Parody Workshop "Man Without a Planet". It looks like I've got at least 20 filks, with illos...Price is \$3.50by hand, \$4.50 by mail.

GRIP #42 is far from filled. I have only 40 pages, and I need at least 60. So if someone gets inspired....let me know!

And as soon as Shirley gets a little better, she'll be editing BEYOND.. again.

See yez all at ConCertino....

KEEP ON TREKKIN'!

I trust Lunacon had enough filk programming to satisfy even Mike Browne; Special Guest Kris Rusch described Lunacon as the most musical con she'd been to. // The hotel's 3-D maze lay-out (it was dubbed "the Escher Hilton") has reportedly inspired filks; I did one to "Dem Bones":

"The fourth floor's connected to the seventh floor, / The lobby's the level of the second floor, / [Half-spoken:] The third, fifth, sixth and eighth floors aren't connected ANYWHERE, / And that's the way of the Hilton."

// Saturday afternoon I skipped the interview with GOH Chip Delany for the History of Filk panel with John Boardman & Roberta Rogow. // Saturday evening, I went to an Irish pub for dinner (nice Harps) and broke a tooth when hit in the mouth by a swinging door. (I'm told it's normal to leave an Irish pub with a swollen lip and missing teeth, but not that way.) Between that & a weekend-long case of stomach upset, I turned in early, regrettably, missing filksinging with first-ever Featured Filkers Bill & Brenda Sutton (though we had dinner Sunday).

& ---- THE MELODY LINGERS : Notations on APA-Filk #53 ---- &

COVER Collage/Boardman: The Republican version is more like "2 Live Crew-cuts". The song that got Sununu in trouble was "I'm Leaving on a Jet Plane".

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Um, sorry to report that it's not only "SMOFs" who have criticized Futurespeak. At one fannish party, it was described as "not a reference book [but] a party game", as people took turns finding glaring errors in it (about 1/10 pp.) - from fandom to science (ask John B. about "geosynchronous") & computers (yours is NOT the most popular computer), even to media (Superman was NOT played by "Steve Reeves"; it's NOT "Star Trek: the New Generation"; for shame)! Its praise by people who know nothing about its subject (and thus are unaware of its errors) is meaningless. Hurry up with a corrected version, please. // Nor is popularity any indicator of value (I direct you to the last few Presidential Elections), though I too enjoy optimistic sf. // I prefer Edward's scissorhands to Freddy's razor nails. /// The ST:TNG spinoff is Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. // Re "Filk-Sing with a Trekkie Song", "old" filkers like John, you & (gevalt) me have been criticized for wanting filks to be what they once were, parodies of other songs, sung in informal settings, you know, fun.

HOMOGENIZED 1% LOW-FAT FILK/Mike Rubin: Welcome back. The title, though, is inappropriate for some 50% of the active APA-Filkers. // A monthly gathering of NY filkers would be nice. // "There's a Hole in the Budget in DC" al fine was amu\$ing; I enjoyed hearing it sung on Ken Gale's roof back in July.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: It would have been too much of an in-joke to put the "Glenwood High Fight Song" to the tune of the "Midwood [HS] Fight Song". // Inward, Pagan Soldiers> It's been suggested that those Neo-Pagans want a Holy war against the insufficiently godded (monotheistic) Muslims. And it's Marian, btw. // And Rubin, not Stein. // ct Levine> Dorian uses Tenore-Bartilucci. // ct Browne> Re "A Moral Victory", when he came in 3rd in the NY Primary (quasi-candidate Tsongas came in 2nd), Jerry Brown declared that because no one had gotten 50%, no one had won, so no one had lost (he sang a very different tune after his under-50% squeaker in Conn.). // ct me> My brother has a CD of national anthems. How about Moussorgsky's "Great Gate of Kiev" for Ukraine? Speaking of national anthems, someone in France is trying to demilitarize the "Marseillaise" (which is quoted in "The 1812 Overture", not to mention in "All You Need is Love"). // Japan is the US's second-largest trading partner; thus US businesses engaging in Japan-bashing (& Japanese engaging in US-bashing) is akin to McDonald's & Burger King bashing each other. And workers laid off in Peoria don't really take consolation in knowing that workers in Lansing haven't been, even though they're fellow Americans. // I thought the words to "Ode to Joy" were "In a cavern in a canyon, excavating for a mine..." // A decade ago, a local fan filked "Alice's Restaurant" into a tale of Carl Sagan dumping garbage into a black hole; said garbage, of course, reappears elsewhere... // As you know (you "grand old man of filk" you), ConCerto has been replaced by ConCertino - same weekend (June 19-21), but in Westboro, MA. // Um, "Give Peace a Chance" is John Lennon's, not Dylan's. // That's why I refer to the Texas river as "the other Columbia River". jnb

One Hand Clapping #3

ALLEGEDLY PERPETRATED BY RENNIE LEVINE

[2250 East 4th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11223 (718) OIL-1-NUT]
FOR APA-FILK #54, MAY 1992

APOLOGIES FOR THE HAND-PRINTED 'ZINE - MY ACCESS
TO A TYPEWRITER HAS BEEN TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED.

Let's see, I missed the February collation, so my last 'zine was in November - whew! A lot has happened since then! A big change in my personal life - after a very long time (almost a year!) of friendship, casual flirting, and uncertainty, the mutual interest Mike Browne and I felt for each other finally spontaneously combusted (on Pearl Harbor Day, of all days!). How this liaison will evolve yet remains to be seen, but since more than ninety days have passed, I guess our warranties have expired and we're stuck with each other.

Lots of cons - OVFF, Philcon, Arisia, Fourplay, Boskone, Lunacon, I-Con, Balticon - I guess I've been trying to make up for my late start in Fandom/Filking! Anyway, there've been too many cons to describe them all, so just some highlights: Going to OVFF was one of the most impetuous things I have ever done - I had no intention of going, I had made no plans to go. Two days before the con, Mike Browne called me at work - he had been told at his job that he had to immediately take some vacation time or lose the days, so he was going to OVFF. He



asked me if I could get the time off from work and come along, and I surprised myself by saying, "Yes!" I still don't believe I did it — I'm just not usually a spontaneous person, I have to plan everything way in advance. I guess a lot of it was that still un-acknowledged attraction. Anyway, I had a great time at OVFF and got to renew a lot of friendships made at ConChord.

By the end of January, Mike and I had gotten serious enough to start meeting each other's "Kinfolk", so we decided to combine a trip to the British filk convention, Fourplay, with a visit to some of his relatives in England. Again, we had a great time. We were the only other "yanks" there besides the guests of honor, Cynthia McQuillan and Dr. Jane Robinson, who we had already met both at ConChord and OVFF. The British filkers were glad to have us there, and treated us very well — many of them knew Mike from Worldcon '90 in Holland.

Lunacon was the first con I ever attended as a "program participant" — J. Spencer Love talked me into taking a concert slot and running a parody-writing workshop with Roberta Rogow. Thank goodness Roberta is a lot more experienced at these things than I am! I really just followed her lead. The concert slot was less of a disaster than I expected — it was



the first time I ever performed more than one song on stage and I was as terrified as I was when I did my first one-shot.

I almost forgot about Boskone! Boskone was on Valentine's Day Weekend. They held an Insta-filk contest for best filksong written during the con. For reasons best not gone into, I could not use the song I wrote for the contest, so I did not have an entry. Then, Mike surprised me by suggesting that I enter the filk I had written in his Valentine's Day card. That song was never meant for public performance, but as long as he wanted me to ... well, it was written during the con. Wouldn't you know it, not only did it win the contest, it has become my most requested song! Oh, well, my rep was shot anyway. I've appended a copy of "The Chocolate Eclair" here.

Balticon was wonderful! Lindy Sears invited most of the filkers to a pre-con filk sing at her home Thursday night, and then again to an all-night dead dog filk sing on Sunday night. Besides that, on Friday night Clam Chowder performed a benefit reunion concert to raise money for Ray "Athelstan" Palmer's medical bills. I was amused at one point during Saturday night's filk sing to notice that the room contained a major portion of past and present APA-Filk



contributors - Lee Burwasser, Roberta Rogow, Mike Stein, Mike Browne, and myself.

Comments on APA-Filk #53:

ANAKREON/Boardman - Sorry, I've never heard "Nerds Turn Me On". Re ct Browne: The wheelchair-bound filker was Renee Alper - we met her at OVFF.

SINGSPIEL/Blackman - I think "No Man's Key" is more appropriate than "No Fan's Key" - it's closer to the original title, and Lisa Padols range is definitely no man's Key (except, perhaps, for a castrato!) At ConChord, Peter Thiesen asked if he could use Juanita Coulson's name in "No Man's Key", and I, flattered, consented. He then proceeded to serenade her, after having her lie down on her back, with her hands crossed over her breast, under the chandelier.

JERSEY FLATS/Rogow - Thanks (blush). I like your filks, too. In fact, the only good thing about the Creation (Cretin?) Con I attended in my youth, which turned me off to all cons at the time, was a copy of Rec Room Rhymes Omnibus I bought there!

That's all for now - à bientôt,

Pennie



"THE CHOCOLATE ECLAIR"/"SWEET PASTRY FROM MIKE"
To the tune of "The Threshing Machine"/"Sweet Betsy From Pike"
Words by Rennie Levine



My lover, he knew I'd a weakness for sweets,
And so he decided to give me a treat.
I opened the wrapping, and what found I there?
A giant cream-filled chocolate-covered éclair!

CHORUS: I ate 'm, I ate 'm, I ate 'm, aye-ay!
I ate 'm, I ate 'm, I ate 'm, aye-ay!
I ate 'm, I ate 'm, I ate 'm, aye-ay!
I damn nearly ate 'm away!

He proudly displayed the confectioner's art,
And I gazed and admired each edible part --
So moist and well-risen, near' lighter than air,
And covered with chocolate -- a perfect éclair!

It was covered with chocolate and bursting with cream,
The most delicate pastry -- a sweet lover's dream!
My mouth it did water, my eyes they did stare,
And I ached to devour that lovely éclair!

I wanted it all, every morsel, each crumb,
Not caring how rounded I might then become.
I begged of my lover, "Let no one else share
That giant cream-filled chocolate-covered éclair!"

I ate the éclair and lapped up all the cream,
And then licked my fingers until they were clean.
I then asked my lover, "How long to prepare
Another cream-filled chocolate-covered éclair!"

Now, remember, ye men who'd give lovers a treat,
That rich chocolate icing makes everything sweet;
And of all the sweet treats, there is none to compare
To a giant cream-filled chocolate-covered éclair!

(A FILKER TAKES) A LOOK AT THINGS THAT GET HER PISSED

the tune of "(A Scientist Takes) A Look At Things That Don't Exist" by Dr. Jane Robinson)

Words by Rennie Levine

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Filkers are happy as long as they're comfortable,
Able to clutch their guitars to their breasts.
Chairs without armrests are all that are suitable --
Grant us this boon, and we'll count ourselves blessed.

'Ware, 'ware, better beware!

Awkward positions cause moods that are foul.

Backaches, and neckaches, and legs that are charley-horsed --

These are the things that cause filkers to howl!

Filkers are mellow when there are comestibles --
Cookies, and Tully, and water are nice.
We'll bring the cookies and all other potables
If you supply water and plenty of ice.

'Ware, 'ware, better beware!

Filkers get cranky when suffering thirst --

If you're not pleased with the sound of our warbling,

Remember that dry-throated voices are worse!

Filkers can't filk if the cold is unbearable --
The room has to be at least warmer than Mars.
Teeth that are chattering can't pronounce lyrics well;
Knees that are knocking can't balance guitars.

'Ware, 'ware, better beware!

Filkers get louder when starting to freeze --

'Though keeping us cold might inhibit our vocal cords,

You'll still hear the sound of our teeth and our knees!

Filkers expect that their voices be audible,
Not shouted down by the rock band next door.
We're writing lyrics we think are applaudable
That cannot be heard through that amplified roar.

'Ware, 'ware, better beware!

Loud next-door neighbors and thin hotel walls

Can't keep a filker from finding an audience --

We'll sing our filks in the stairwells and halls!

Filkers, like dandelions, are quite incredible --
Lovely, and cheerful, yet scorned as a weed;
Tough, and tenacious, (and portions are edible!)
And our eco-niche provides much that you need.

Care, care, better take care!

Our membership bucks help keep cons out of hock;

We use the function rooms after the day is done;

We book hotel rooms that fill up your block!

Dandelions flourish through all kinds of misery --
If you have one, then you'll soon have a crowd.
Might as well yield to the Dandelion Conspiracy --
We don't ask for much, but we ask very loud!

Fair, fair, better be fair!

We aren't greedy, we thrive on neglect --

A warm, quiet room full of chairs without armrests,

And pitchers of water are all we expect!

FOLKS LIKE THESE

(To the tune of "The Santa Monica Pier" by Christine Lavin)
Words by Rennie Levine



I've got buttons and badges in my pocket
Of priceless sentimental worth --
They're not worth a dime in the mundane world --
I'll pin 'em onto my shirt.
That chain-mail mama kind o' looks like
Dolly Parton looks from the side --
What you see is what she's got --
There's nothing left to hide!

CHORUS: No one feels strange at all
Strolling through S.F. convention halls --
Whether normal or off the wall,
In jeans or dressed for a costume ball.
There's an easy-going atmosphere,
Everyone can feel accepted here --
I have dreamed of folks like these all of my life!

Look at them dealing in the huckster room --
I know they wouldn't try to bilk.
The panels for the day are ending --
Time to filk, time to filk!
No matter what I rehearsed, I know someone'll
ask me to perform a different one --
I don't know it, but I can fake it --
Hell, it's all in fun!

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Back in Mundania they're like lemmings, lemmings,
Rushing off to school and work with the morning light;
But here nobody does any blaming,
So we'll keep gaming well into the night.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Look at that beautiful unicorn mare
Catching light with her sequined eyes.
"Looky, looky", the audience says,
"She's gonna win the first prize!"
Look at that neo sleeping in the hall --
I wonder what he's dreaming of?
Where else could he rather be,
Except for maybe heaven above?

(REPEAT CHORUS)

THE SONG SPARROW #3

Mike Browne 8523 Fort Hamilton Pkwy #4I Brooklyn, NY 11209
TEL.#: 1(R1U) YB1-OKIR That's 1(718) 921-6547, for those of you who do not not speak (or dial) mnemonics.

Those of you who read my last zine may remember I finished with an announcement that I would be attending the Ohio Valley Filk Fest. (I also said I'd "see you in 90 or so", and it's been nearly 180, but let's not split ~~hairs~~ hairs. Here, Easter Bunny...) I meant to do a zine for the February issue, but Rennie Levine and I were caught in FourPlay for three days and didn't have time. Keep reading, it'll all make sense sooner or later.

Having been ordered to use or lose my remaining vacation time by November 1, (thank you, Transit Atrocity) I found myself with the time to attend OVFF. Having been told on October 29 to "use or lose" made it a bit hectic, but I managed to secure a last minute cheap air ticket, as well as the company of good friend and fellow APA-FILKer Rennie Levine. We had had a great time at ConChord, and were eager to see a MidWestern filk convention.

Unlike ConChord, ConCerto, Consonance, and most recent non-filk oriented cons, OVFF had only one room set aside for filking. (The halls and meeting rooms had sporadic unofficial filk activity, of course.) Friday night was a sort of "pros only" chaos. The stage was crowded with BNFs who played and chatted, honoring the odd request from the audience, who occasionally tossed out a song of their own. Among the onstage pros I recognized GOH Cynthia McQuillin, special guest Tom Smith, "Dr." Jane Robinson, Barry and Sally Childs-Helton, Michael "Moonwulf" Longcor, Robin Nakkula, Susan Urban, and Joe Ellis. The audience and fringe-players included Kathy Mar, Mary Ellen Wessels O'Cain, Peter Thiesen, Juanita Coulson, Bob Kanefsky, J. Spencer Love, Helva Peters, and Mike Rubin. (Who provided us with crash space.) Overall the music was good. Cynthia and Jane were in exceptional form and Tom stole the show each time he sang. (Like Rennie, he has a parody of Stan Rogers' "Lies" called "Flies". His is about the Renfield character from Dracula. Tom sang it in a perfect Dwight Frye impersonation.) I did "I Am A Bat" by Harold Feld as a follow up; the only song I got in the whole night. I had had an upper G.I. series done the day before the con, and was feeling its effects combined with almost 48 hours without sleep. How I stayed awake until 4:00a.m. is beyond me. The show was still going when we turned in.

Saturday started with concert slots by Robin Bailey, Mark Bernstein, Renee Alper and Stan Logan, Cynthia, Jane, and Tom. After the One Shots (Rennie did her version of "Flies", which got a good response,) came the Songwriting Contest, the theme of which was "Heroes and Heroines". Mike Rubin entered a song he'd composed over dinner, about two cops who bust a deli that sold heroes and heroin. (Some people have no shame.) I did "Pleides", my Challenger tribute, with Rennie on guitar. Helva did "Vincent (Wells)"; about the character from "Beauty and the Beast". Jane Mailander appeared on audiotape with "In The Vineyard", a song about Jean-Luc Picard's recovery from the Borg transformation. Renee took first place with "Reed Turner: Novel Hero", which featured some truly atrocious puns. Moonwulf took second with "March On Fort Sackville", a historic piece. Next came the Vampire One-Shots, for songs in a jugular vein. (Sorry!) Filk donors included Robert Stockton, Juanita,

Ben Hughes, Renee, Robin, and yours truly. (Doing Rennie's "Unholy Dead") We continued doing vampire and horror-related songs until midnight, when the Pegasus Awards banquet started. Since Rennie and I hadn't bought tickets, we hung out in the Con Suite. (If you go to OVFF, BUY TICKETS TO THE BANQUET! Almost everyone is there, fan and pro alike). Tom Smith swept the awards, winning Best Writer, Performer, and Song. (For "A Boy And His Frog".) Kathy Mar's "Velveteen" won Best Love Song and Julia Ecklar's "Temper of Revenge" won Best War/Vengeance Song.

The giant "MidWestern Chaos" started around 1:30a.m. Peter Thiesen, with Rennie's permission, slightly revised "No Man's Key" (see Rennie's zine in APA-FILK#52) to apply it to Juanita Coulson. He sang it over an outstretched Juanita (for a corpse, she mugs very well) to the delight of all assembled. After that, it was filk free for all. I'd heard that Mid-Western filksings were chaotic, but this was a donnybrook! Rennie and I only got one song apiece in the 4 hour session; which was one more than a lot of people got. Singers were musically stepping on each other in the rush to perform. A few took more than a fair share of turns. A warning to those who wish to survive MidWestern chaos: SHOW NO MERCY! It's every filker for himself; no quarter given and no prisoners taken.

When the chaos was over, we joined Kathy Mar, Bob Kanefsky, Mary Ellen Wessels O'Cain, Robert Stockton, Diedre Rittenhouse and others in an all-night sing that got progressively weirder. The traditional Sunday afternoon jam session that followed was the complete opposite of the previous night's chaos. Under the guidance of the Childs-Heltons, everyone jammed smoothly on filk, folk, and rock standards. Even the filkhogs held themselves in check. I faded in and out of the session, as sleep deprivation took its toll. Might even go back next year. Who knows?

Filkwise, Philcon was wonderful. Besides Spence, Helva, Harold Feld, Crystal Hagel, Dave Weingart, Roberta Rogow, Duane Elms, and the usual NYUSFS crowd (Abby, Mordecai, Sue, Lisa, Doug, Marc, and Deb at various intervals) were a few welcome surprises. Gary Ehrlich had impressed me with his collection of extremely warped songs at Phrolicon, as had David Szent Gyargy with his fine voice. Both added to the filksing immeasurably. I'm sorry I didn't get the name of the girl with the harp and the stunning voice who held the room spellbound with each song she sang. I hope she does more cons. A talented trio did a stirring Roddenberry tribute at the Saturday sing. Things stayed silly for the most part on both nights. Both Rennie and Lenny Provenzano did songs accompanied by hand puppets of the titular insects of their compositions. (A fly and a ladybug respectively.) I must disagree with Robertas' con report lastish. While the filk was a bit sluggish to start on both nights, when it got rolling it didn't stop. And while most people were serious about having silence while they performed, (a reasonable request) and doing mostly new songs rather than the old standards, I think it benefitted the session, rather than detracted from it. I was glad to see many neos taking the filk seriously. Several debuted songs on Saturday that they had written after hearing all the various stuff on Friday. Filk has come a long way from the days of endless parodies of parodies, and Trekkie songs. The constant flow of new songs and ideas, not to mention original songs and music, will benefit filk in the long run. (Note to Roberta: I love your stuff in the apa and in REC ROOM RHYMES, but could you please put in the chords?)

Between Philcon and Arisia, the friendship that Rennie and I have enjoyed for almost a year turned into love, culminating in a Pearl Harbor Day that will really live in infamy! We're still discovering things about each other, and who knows where the road will lead? So if you've been curious about why we constantly refer to each other in our respective zines, now you know.

The cons just seem to blend into each other now. Arisia featured Mitchell and T.J. Burnside Clapp as filk GOHs. They sat in on the chaos

filk and gave a concert. (Concert slots by Duane Elms, Catherine Cook McDonald, Helva, Barry Gold, ~~Helva~~, Ed Hutnick, Marc Glasser and MASSFILC rounded out the program.) Kathy Mar was filk GOH at Boskone; the filking was about the only good thing about Boskone. Besides the usual Massachusetts area crowd, we had Kathy Sands, Jane Sibley, Cacie Sears (who celebrated her 8th birthday) and family, Terri Wells and others. Kathy Mar did her usual melange of folk and filk to a small, but enthusiastic audience. She debuted a new song about Edward Scissorhands that was absolutely beautiful.

Between Arisia and Boskone, Rennie and I found time for FourPlay. As you may have figured by now, I 'm talking about the 4th annual British Filk Convention. (In past years it's been Contarbile, Con2blie, and Treble I thought this one should have been called Fourtissimo, but leave it to British fandom to make an even worse pun.) We flew to London and made a rail connection to Wolverhampton, the con town. The con itself was more laid back than any con I've attended in the states; filk or otherwise. British cons revolve around the bar; and filkers march on their stomachs. The hotel pub provided typical British fare (steak and kidney, fish and chips, hot pots) to go, for those who wanted to eat without missing the music. And the empty bitter pints tended to overwhelm every corner. We were the sole Americans, outside of GOHs Cynthia McQuillin and Dr. Jane Robinson, who were delighted to see familiar faces. There were a couple of German filkers as well, for a truly international flavor.

Having had a great time with British filkdom at the Dutch Worldcon in 1990 and a subsequent 1991 visit, I was looking forward to a British filkcon. I was not disappointed. Programming included concerts by the various filk groups, (Phoenix, Razing Arizona, Alchemy) individual artists, (Mike Whittaker, Valerie Housden, Phil Allcock, Lawrence Dean, Anne Rundel, Rhodri James, Chris "Minstrel" Malme, British GOH Colin Fine, con chair Allison Scott, British filk maven and "Mother of All Things" Gytha North, and many others. Cynthia and Jane did a two-hour concert and then did a set in the permance slot concert. Rennie has now grossed out fans on an international level. ("Flies" and "Robbing The Graveyard" ~~was~~ ^{were} especially successful)

Highlights included having "I Would Walk With You" dedicated to us by Jane and Cynthia, who called us "the couple of the month", (revenge is forthcoming) the recitals of various poems from the works of Les Barker, (a Manchester-based mundane who makes Bob Kanefsky look tame) the Sunday night Dead Dog, (featuring some of the best songs of the whole con, as well as an 800 gram chocolate bar) and the song "I Married A Flesh-Eating Chicken From Mars". (Trust me.) My only regret is that, due to jet lag and sleep deprivation, we missed the concerts by Razing Arizona and Alchemy, as well as the Church of Yuririn prayer service. (Presided over by the not-so-right Reverend Zander Nyron and the Cthulluettes)

After the con, Rennie and I stayed with my aunt and uncle in London for a few days, doing the tourist thing. We also sat in on a folk music session in Rainham with Lawrence and Valerie from FourPlay. In honor of the absentee Jane and Cynthia, Valerie and I performed "Overflowin' Catbox Blues". I continued my tradition of bringing home large quantities of Tullamore Dew and British videotapes. (Including the extremely rare copies of SAPPHIRE AND STEEL, THE SWEENEY, CALLAN and other old TV programs.) If anyone's interested, next years con is in Bristol. It features Kathy Mar as GOH and it's called Pentatonic. Try to be there. They want more Yanks!

That's all for now. Next time I'll have reports on Lunacon, I-CON, Balticon, and any other cons I get to between now and then. Hopefully by then I'll actually have a song finished. I've been in a dry spell lyric-wise for almost 7 months now. It better end soon or I'll go nuts.

See you all whenever. Keep it off-key! (We're filkers, aren't we?)

 * Rock My Soul #1 *
 *
 * Release # Fifty-five from Mega-Dose, Inc. *
 * in quartan collaboration with *
 * Chemical Experiences, Unlimited. *
 * Under the auspices of Mondecal Housman *
 * Brought to you by the generous donations of *
 * the Guilt Guild International. *

I have always said that music has two purposes. Either to evoke emotion, or to express emotion. Both the music and the singer (or musician) are responsible for that. Without a doubt, Pete Seeger and his music fulfill both.

Sing We All

It was with great excitement that I stood on line at the Hunter College Auditorium, this March 15th. After all, it was to attend, for my very first time, a concert given by my favorite singer. My seat was fairly close to the front, and I was quite surprised when I heard singing coming from behind me:

"Seek, and you shall find.
 Knock, and the door shall be opened.
 Ask, and it shall be given.
 When the love comes tumbling down."

One by one, all two hundred sixty four singers (assembled from sixteen different choral groups and choirs) were walking down the aisles, singing. They sang the song over and over again as they filed on to the stage, and little by little the audience began singing along. Pete Seeger walked onto the stage singing, but was drowned out by the thunderous applause. He kept on singing, and we all joined in.

There is a tendency lately to create songs for listening; not too many artists write songs that one can sing. Pete Seeger wished to show us that there were still many songs people can sing. He began with songs one might sing at home. Children's songs. Most of these were songs most people would know, such as *Hush Little Baby*, *Don't You Cry*, and *There's a Hole In The Bucket*, *Dear Liza*. He sang, and played the banjo. He got us to join him in a complicated rhythm of hand patting, patting our laps and hands in various patterns in time to the song.

As he sang, there were sign language interpreters translating the lyrics to the audience.

He taught us a two note song, which the audience hummed, while he played a lilting melody on the recorder.

I have always loved the beautiful songs from many countries that Pete Seeger likes to sing, and he didn't disappoint me. He next sang a song of his called *All Mixed Up*, which tells us that all cultures have within them foreign influences, and has in it the line: "*Long live many different kinds of races*". He asked his grandson to come and sing with him, claiming that this way no one can tell whose voice was wobbly! In the middle of the song Steve Kent played a cadenza with the flute. Next, Pete sang *Viva La Quince Brigada*, "*Long Live the Fifteenth Brigade*". We just had to sing the *Ramba-la Ramba-la Ramba-la la* chorus. Like many good Hispanic songs, it made the blood run hot. Next he sang *Guantanamo*. He told us a little story about how he had visited

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a summer camp, and the kids told him there was a camper there who was from Cuba, and knew a beautiful song Pete just *had* to hear. Little did they know Pete has been singing *Guantanamera* for as long as anyone can remember.

This time he sang it a little faster than I like it, but I've noticed that no two people ever sing it at the same tempo.

I noticed to my surprise, that the two teenage girls sitting in front of me did not sing *Guantanamera* along with us. More about that later.

Next, two singers from the Puerto Rican Center For The Arts sang *Los Carreteros*, by Rafael Hernandez. In English, that means "The Wagoners", and it a song of celebration of the morning. During the intermission, one of the backup singers explained to me that there are people who believe the Mexicans are lazy, because they always say "I'll do it tomorrow." However, the truth is, they mean tomorrow *at dawn*. I think he must have meant to say Puerto-Rican, and not Mexican, since this is a Puerto-Rican song, not a Mexican song. At any rate, it was interesting.

Next, The Chinese Chorus of ILGWU sang a beautiful song called *Jong Jhwa Min Jiu (Yong Yen)*, "The Multi Ethnic Group". They later told me that it was composed by a man from Taiwan, named Mr. Lau. It is a song about China, and racial harmony among the many different peoples who live there. The chorus went, basically, "Cho Wah Min Tu".

Then two singers from the Irish Arts Center sang an ancient Gaelic song with the words "Oh-ro shay dhu va-ha wal-yah". They didn't translate, but later Pete told me that it is a call to an ancient mythological female pirate to return and save Ireland from England.

Up next, were a few singers from the Canaan Baptist Church. They led us in a delightful, rollicking, gospel-style version of *Let It Shine*. They clapped in a rather unusual time, and it was a lot of fun. This may sound strange coming from a Hassidic Jew, but I've always liked the joy expressed in many gospel songs. This one had me bouncing in my seat.

Then Pete told some stories, interspersed with refrains of *Seek And You Shall Find*.

We then had an intermission, during which I met some of the singers, and asked them a few questions. I also met Peter Blood and Annie Patterson of *Rise Up Singing*.

When we returned from the intermission, as we were all finding our seats, Pete played four songs on the recorder. An Irish song, *Tarantela*, a Japanese melody, and a serenade from the ancient Wisconsin Indians. (Minominee Indians.) Pete plays the recorder beautifully.

Four Plains Indian singers, a group called The Four Winds Singers, were introduced by Pete. They sang a song that had both Indian chants and English words. This type of song is called a "forty-niner". They beat a deep bass drum(s?), which served to quite stir one's blood. Indian songs of that type are deceptively simple. They move you more than you would expect.

The words to the Indian song were: "Won't you come back to me, you're the only one I'll ever love. I'm sorry I made you cry. Ya ho, ya ho, hi ya..." etc. They got us all singing, and it was quite stirring.

The Clearwater Chorus came to the stagefront, and sang Pete Seeger's (remember him?) song "Sailing Up, Sailing Down". Pete introduced the song by saying he "Thinks globally, but sings locally." Someone was jamming quite well on a harmonica; I didn't

catch his name. Steve Kant did some cute flute. This song had what I call a "swaying quality"; it made us all sway in time to the music. It was almost gospel in style, though it had no high reaches.

Pete's grandson came to the microphone again, and while playing the maracas, joined Pete in singing "Blue Skies", and "I Don't Want Your Millions Mister". Pete told us the story of how that song was written by a coal miner who lost his job because he joined the union.

The kids from the Central Park East Elementary School helped us sing "Alleluia". A beautiful song, sung beautifully by those kids. Pete's backup bass singers, sitting in the back, stood up and held up a large banner on which was written the words and notes to the song. Pete divided the audience into sections, and had a singer lead each of the divisions. We sang it as a round, each division starting at a different time. We sang it nine times.

The banner was switched for another one, this one not held well enough to be read in its entirety. I believe the words were: "Y Por Eso Los Grandes Amores De Muchos Colores Mi Gustan A Mi". And I think it means something about loving and enjoying the many colors. It is an old Spanish folk song, written by members of the worker-priest movement (whatever that is) to be their theme song. It's a nice song, and I rather liked it.

Pete next sang a song to the parable of the sower, using his own words.

Afterwards, came what may be my favorite song of the whole evening. *Wimoweh (Mbube)*. This is one of the most powerful, and intense songs I have ever heard. As Pete later explained to me, songs of South Africa, such as this, which is a Zulu song, have several layers. There will be one leader, and several other groups; each singing their own track simultaneously. Everyone's favorite part was the altos'; the keening and wailing part. Whenever I play this song on one of my Pete Seeger tapes, I stamp and thump in time.

This song is about Shaka; how the lion is not dead, he but sleeps, and will one day awaken. It is a song of hope. It is one of the most thrilling songs I know.

Pete introduced the song by saying he no longer has the voice with which to sing that song, and so he had the chorus sing the various parts for him.

For his last song, Pete sang *Old Devil Time*. It has a soft melody, though many of the words were harsh. The song declares that no matter what the trouble is, friends and loved ones gather around and help.

No storm or fire can ever beat us
No wind that blows but carries us further on.
And you who fear, oh lovers, gather 'round
And we can rise and sing it, one more time.

The lights came on as he sang this song, and a few began to steal away, but most of us waited until Pete stopped singing, and we gave him a standing ovation. When we were certain it was all over, everyone else left.

I decided I would interview the young ladies who had been sitting in front of me. They were nervous, and shy, but they answered a few questions. Yes, they had liked the concert, but no, they hadn't known most of the songs. Their favorite music is

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sixties rock, like the Beatles. Even though Pete had taught us most of the songs, these two girls hadn't sung along during any of them. I wonder if this is typical of most teenagers today, accustomed as they probably are to songs written just to be heard. (Perhaps songs should be sung and not heard?) <grin>

This seems to be the trend. Television replaced radio, and offered viewers a chance to be entertained without having to tax the imagination. As it became less intelligent, and more and more addictive, television lulled the viewers into living vicariously. Many children today don't or even can't read, for that would mean they have to *do something*.

It is ironic that the video game may have brought back the concept of participation to the teenager. It hasn't quite brought back the concept of reality yet, but we can only hope.

After interviewing the girls, I went on to the stage to speak to some of the singers. I had had a dream that I would meet Pete Seeger, and maybe he would ask me to teach him a Hebrew song or something. Of course, that was just a childish daydream.

So, I get up on the stage, and speak to some of the singers who were milling about, and who do I see? There's Pete himself, signing an autograph. I couldn't ask him for an autograph, but I went over to greet him. He takes a look at me, and pulls me over to the side.

"Do you know Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach?" (A Jewish folk singer.)

"Yes, I know him, sure."

"Does he have a song in Hebrew about peace, that is easy to learn, and doesn't have too many words?"

Well, you can imagine I was floored. Containing my astonishment, I tried to think of one. On the spot I couldn't recall any that fit the requirements, but we spoke for a while about it, and I promised I would send him a tape. He wrote his address in my pad, (so I got his autograph after all) and told me to send it there.

Pete told me he was arranging a march for peace, and wanted a Hebrew song about peace they could sing. He told me he wanted to sing it at the same time as some of them sing an Arabic song.

We spoke for about twenty minutes, and then some more a little later on. He was carrying a cardboard sign that had the list of all the night's songs on it. I noticed that *If I Had A Hammer* was also listed, so I asked him why he hadn't sung it. He responded that there hadn't been enough time. (Time? Who cared about time? I would have stayed until the next Friday to sing with Pete Seeger! I didn't tell him that. Gushing and fawning over people is not my style, usually. I imagine most people wouldn't like that done to them.)

One of the performers from the Disabled In Action Singers gave me his copy of the notes and words that Pete had given out for the rehearsals. At first I didn't want to take it from him, but he insisted it was an extra copy, so I gladly took it. I can make copies for anyone interested.

I can scarcely believe my own experiences. I attend my first Pete Seeger concert, get a private copy of Pete's notes and lyrics, meet Pete Seeger, begin a friendship with him; it's all too incredible.

On my way home I composed a song to send to Pete, one that fills all the requirements he requested. I sent it to him along with the recordings of Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach.

Is there a song about riding high?

ConCertino

The Northeast Filk Convention

June 19th-21st, 1992

Morgan Motor Inn, Westboro, MA

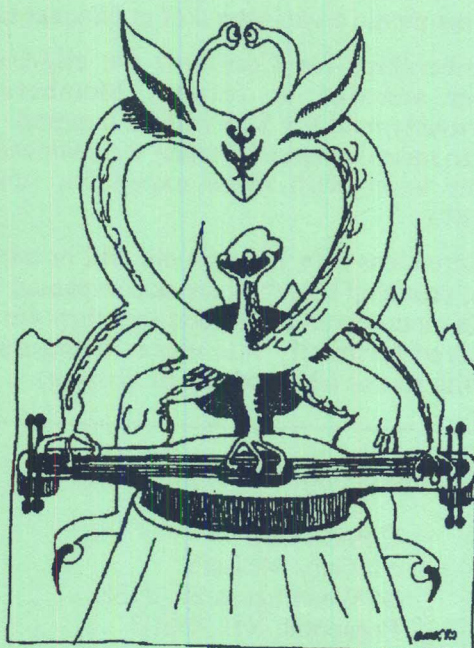
Guests of honor:

T.J. and Mitchell Burnside Clapp

Toastmaster:

Duane Elms

ConCerto 2, the filk convention in Cherry Hill, N.J., has been cancelled due to circumstances beyond the organizers' control. But fear not, filkers, ConCertino is here to save you from filk withdrawal. We have the same weekend and the same Guests of Honor, but a new Toastmaster (the old one is the chairman). Come up to Massachusetts and have a great musical time!



ConCertino (that's italian for "small concerto") is presented by M.A.S.S. F.I.L.C., the Massachusetts Associated Silly Singers Fannishly Inflicting Lyrical Chaos. We will have everything you expect of a filk convention: concerts, one-shots, all-night filksings, performers circles, theme circles, contests judged by the attending members, multiple concurrent program tracks and filk rooms, con suite, dealers, workshops, panels, a filk video program, a banquet, order, anarchy, dead dog party, and more.

As of 20 March 1992: Committee: Ellen Kranzer, Paula Lieberman, Spencer Love, Lois & Paul Mangan, Gary McGath, Priscilla Olson, Helva Peters, and Paul & Virginia Taylor. Dealers: Bob Laurent (Wail Songs) and Jane Sibley. Other well-known filkers attending: Jack Carroll and Rennie Levine.

Registration is **\$30 prior to May 22nd**, or **\$35 at the door**. You can also get a supporting membership for \$10 anytime. Supporting memberships bought by May 22nd are upgradable to an attending membership for \$20 by May 22nd, or at the door for \$22.

There will be one-day memberships for the curious: Friday, \$15; Saturday, \$20; and Sunday, \$15. **Attending membership is limited to 100** (that's all that the concert room will hold). Taking one-day memberships into account, the total number of memberships sold may exceed 100.

Advance members will receive the progress report. This will include directions for getting to the hotel. All members will receive a copy of the program book, while they last. Copies in excess of 100, contributors' and supporters' copies will be mailed after the convention.

Speaking of which... the ConCertino program book will also be a song book! If you've written a filk song which you'd like to see in print, send it to us. If we use it, you'll get a \$2 rebate on your membership, or a free copy of the book if you don't register but still send us a song or two. We haven't decided yet if the program book will be reprinted after the convention (this is up to the contributors -- other filk cons' program books are carried by several dealers).

We are planning a midnight banquet on Saturday night (Sunday morning). **Tickets are \$10.** The menu is a breakfast buffet. Since it requires losing the concert room for 3 hours, we will cancel this event if we don't sell at least 20 tickets in advance. If we sell more than 40 tickets, we'll keep the concert room and eat picnic style instead of at banquet tables.

Memberships for ConCerto are eligible for either transfer or refund. Memberships previously sold for \$25 will be honored. (We had to raise our rates \$5 when we switched to a better hotel with more expensive function rooms.)

Children less than 12 years old will be admitted free, provided that they are accompanied by an adult member, and provided that they are well-behaved (primarily this means being quiet in the filk rooms while others are singing).

Westboro is located at the intersection of I-90 (the Mass Pike) and I-495. Driving directions and airport shuttle information will be in the progress report. Rooms are **\$46.07 / night** for single or double, and \$57.04 / night for triple or quad (these rates include the 9.7% state & local tax - this is what they really cost). For reservations, call 1-508-366-0202 by **May 22nd**, and *be sure to mention ConCerto.*

Rooms with one bed have queen size; rooms with two beds have doubles. Some rooms have jacuzzi bathtubs (you have to request this). Although the hotel does not have a swimming pool, coupons are available at the desk for two nearby health clubs. Rollaway single beds are available for \$10.97 / night. **Checkout time on Sunday is 3 P.M.**

For more information via electronic mail, send to JSLove@Starch.ENet.DEC.Com

Mail this coupon to:

ConCerto
c/o Gary McGath
84 Washington St., #138
Penacook, NH 03303

Do not enclose cash. Please send a check or money order in U.S. dollars, payable to **ConCerto**, for memberships or banquet tickets. List additional information (multiple memberships) on a separate sheet of paper.

- ☐ I want ____ attending membership(s) in ConCerto @ \$30.00 each.
- ☐ I want ____ supporting membership(s) in ConCerto @ \$10.00 each.
- ☐ I want ____ ticket(s) for ConCerto's Saturday midnight banquet @ \$10.00 each.

Name (mailing) _____

Street address _____

City _____ State / Province _____ Zip _____ Country _____

Telephone(s) _____ Name (on badge, if different) _____

Survey (please check as many as apply): I'd like / need / be willing (to) / be interested in...

- ☐ Be on a panel about _____
- ☐ Teach a workshop on _____
- ☐ Perform in a concert ☐ Perform in one-shots ☐ Help out staffing the con
- ☐ Prefer dealers in huckster room ☐ Like dealers row (sell from hotel rooms) ☐ Be a huckster (send info)
- ☐ Need babysitting ☐ Would pay for professional babysitting ☐ Be a babysitter
- ☐ Convention T-shirt, size _____ (not a commitment to buy)
- ☐ Smoking room ☐ Handicap Access
- ☐ Offer song(s) for the Program Book



April 17, 1992

VOTE TODAY!

Cast your ballot for the candidate of your choice!

Category #1: the MANUEL NORIEGA STAMP

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NORIEGA THE FRIEND OF DEMOCRACY

Showing Manuel in full military dress uniform, shaking hands with Vice President George Bush in front of the crossed American and Panamanian flags.

☐

NORIEGA THE VICIOUS DRUG LORD

Showing Manuel in prison uniform and handcuffs. Portrait specifically painted to emphasize complexion problems.

Category #2: the LEONA HELMSLEY STAMP

☐

LEONA THE HOTEL QUEEN

Showing Leona ordering a Hispanic maid to make a bed.

☐

LEONA THE TAX EVADER

Showing Leona being ordered by a prison matron to make a bed.

Category #3: The MIKE AGRANOFF STAMP

☐

MIKE AGRANOFF THE FOLKIE

Showing a young (all things being relative) Mike in jeans and leather cap playing an acoustic guitar

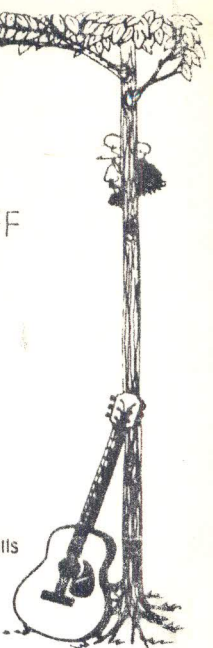
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MIKE AGRANOFF THE SUPERSTAR

Showing a decrepit Mike in the same jeans and leather cap playing an acoustic guitar.

MIKE
AGRANOFF

RD4 Box 45 Oak Hills
Bornton, NJ
07005
201-335-9489



CAST YOUR VOTE IN PERSON AT ONE MIKE'S UPCOMING GIGS:

FRIDAY, MAY 1st 8:00 PM, CHERRY HILL, NJ

THE CIRCLEWOOD COFFEEHOUSE

Using the facilities of the Unitarian Church
401 North Kings Highway, Cherry Hill NJ
for information call 609-768-9297

SATURDAY, MAY 2nd, 8:00 PM, BROOKLYN, NY

HOUSE CONCERT and following jam.

at the home of Morsarian & Bev Palmer
29 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, NY
For information and reservations, call
718-636-6348

By the way, after years of being badgered about it by friends and fans, I'm finally going into the studio to make a CD. And I'm telling everyone about it, so I'll be forced to follow through and actually do it if I ever want to talk to anyone again. Look for it....I dunno, and of the year, maybe?

Thanks to Roger Deltz, from whom I stole the concept of this gig notice.